JANAUSCHEK'S COSTLYJEWELS tion in a theatre, but I see that some of them wear tall hats until the curtain

The Grief at Their Loss and the Joy at Their Recovery.

TWO WEALTHY DHESSMAKERS.

A Playwright's Cute Device-A Well Informed Chambermaid-Corals Much in Fashion-Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, June 23 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-Chauncy M. Depew is a more humorous man than his after-dinner speeches indicate. Being a girl, I am forever debarred from hearing those addresses delivered, but the quotations that I read are not worth the space in which they are printed, and must require a great deal of champagne to make the laughter effervesce. But he does talk comically to ladies. I met him yesterday in Fifth avenus at Thirty-eighth street, and he was gazing alternately at the Union League club house on one corner and a magnificent private residence on another. He bowed politely in the oldfashioned way. That is to say, he didn't slide his hat down the ridge of his nose to a level with his chin, and then back to his head, after the manner of the current beau, but lifted it, free, courtly, and picturesque.

"What are you looking at the buildings for, Mr. Depew?" I asked.

"I will tell you," he replied. "That is the Union League club, as you know, and as a member I put a good deal of time and money into it. The house over here was, until this week, the home of the Burtons. Now they have sold it. And to whom do you suppose? Two sisters who are dressmakers. Do I object to that? No; not for itself, but do you think it will be conducive to placid comfort in your father-or to your husband, when you take one-to sit in his club window and gaze across the avenue at the establishment in which his daughter, or wife, spends his money in frippery?"

Of couse, dear Uncle Chauncey didn't half mean what he said. He is like most men in really liking beauty when it is adorned the most artistically. But it is worth mentioning that the two dressmakers are financially able to buy a Fifth avenue mansion for \$170,000 cash down, and turn it into a shop.

It was in the rooms of another modish dressmaking establishment that I saw something to make my eyes stick out. Beings with trousers on, and presumably men, are the high designers of garments in this concern; and at the time of my visit no less than three of them were working over a strange combination of fabric and shape that was draped on a model girl. As she first appeared she model girl. As she first appeared she a swell dinner wearing a pearl necklace was clad in a handsome and yet rather and a modest pair of soltaires. plain costume that would be suitable for the street promenade. She stood up in it on a low platform, and they were critically regarding her, grabbing viciously at the garment. At every clutch something came off. One man jerked away a sleeve, another got a section of the upper bodice, and so on. The scene startled me for a moment, but the calmness of the girl assured me that there was no harm meant. In a jifly the pretty creature stood transformed into a belle arrayed for an evening occasion of cererayed for an evening occasion of cere-mony, with no sleeves, a low corsage, and a bodice altogether fit for a ball, reception or dinner.

I asked, "who wishes one dress to answer the purposes of two?"

"Not exactly," was the reply; "it is an invention of a playwright, and is to be worn in a new farcical piece called "Amanuensis," soon to be produced at a Broadway theater. In one of the scenes of wild absurdity, the heroine is violently assaulted by a servant girl, who tears suriously at her dress. Every time she clutches the garment a piece gives way. But the truth is that the victim of the assault, for the sake of convenience and economy, has devised a sort of transformation corsage, with detachable sleeves and upper portion, and so the wiolent removal of the different sections, though startling to the spectators for an instant, only leaves the actress appropriately clad for a ball to which she is going. If that doesn't make the play go famously with the women then I am no

There is one shrewd man in New York who has not learned the nature of woman. The restaurant keeper in Union Square, who hired a side-show giant, and sent him out on the sidewalk to distribute circulars, has devised a new attraction for his place. Five musicians sit by the window playing nearly all day. They are rigged out in uniforms, and make an imposing orchestra. Crowds of women mposing orcnestra. Crowds of women stand around to see them play. The music cannot be heard outside distinctly. To enjoy it one must go inside, and it was expected that nearly everybody who entered would either have a luncheon or buy some confectionery. It is seldom that a man will go in to hear the music and have nerve enough to leave without purchasing anything, but the women are not built that way. They crowd through the doors, block up the passage, buy nothing, and calmly walk away when they have heard enough. A woman never has any scruples about going to a free show.

The tricks of trade are many and manifold, but I think I have dropped in on the newest dodge. The dyers, scourers and cleaners always display a window full of curtains, feathers and gloves, behind which rise on tall, spectral, headless figures, the lovely tea gowns and the sweet seaside robes of spotless white that the proprietors of the shop have renormal. the proprietors of the shop have reno-vated. It is a great inducement to buy cream cashmere or ivory silks when you see how well they look after being cleaned at Screwzendrivers. My friend Jennie has her clothes sent from Paris, and in her last batch of gowns was a lovely house dress of some soft material, occasionally with eream white lace and her cases of the second of the control of the second of the cases of the second of the se cascaded with cream white lace and be-ribboned with ivory satin ends. Alas, for this pretty gown! It was ever so much too short, and it had a ridiculous little back in it—about big enough for the

back of your hand.
"I wonder whether I couldn't exchange that dreadtul missit at one of the places I patronize!" mused Jennie.

Up spoke the chambermaid who had heard the conversation, "My sister is working for Mr. Naptha and I think it's working for Mr. Naptha and I think it's very likely he'd buy that gown of you to put in his window, to show how splendid he cleans things. They made three fine white wrappers for the show window last month but none of 'cm was as pretty as your's. That would look beautiful in the window. Folks would never think it had been cleaned, but for being in old Naptha's window, where of course they know there's nothing but cleaned garments."

some of the things have been haven't they, that I see there?" sked Jennic,
"Well, a few pair of gloves, but the curtains, and blankets and the white dresses are mostly brand new."

As I have written before, our women do not take kindly te a bonnetless condi-

laughed Dennis, and Janauschek, having the entire police force at her back, opened the box and drew out a necklace, by the recollection of whose brilliancy the town is lighted to this day, I believe.

CLARA BELLE.

WHAT LABOR NEEDS,

Leaders Are Plenty. But New Methods Are Wanted.

What Strikes Have Accomplished in Raising Wages the Past Year.

them wear tail hats until the curtain rises, and in the semi-darkness twitch them off savagely, and sit with them in their laps. When the curtain falls they mount their millinery again. There is always a certain anxiety in women about that part of the head, which they have never been able to see except with a couple of glasses. "What if the stem of that nicely amalgamated switch was sticking out?" Horrible suspicion. "What if the joint in that rotary-motion bang was visible?" Police! but it's a hair-standing suggestion. On goes that hat with due thankfulness for its dimensions. The other night an audience was startled by a shriek that came from the darkened auditorium. I know all about it. Emma's father is a Secret of the Opposition to Labor Unions and to the Knights.

Boston Globe: The labor movement has developed men and measures, but has not originated many new methods. Agitation by public speech and printer's ink is as old as the most ancient language and the art preservative; and much as they have accomplished, the strike has done more to force public discussion and general concession than all other means. The time has come when public interest demands a less costly and less dangerous method of reaching equitable relations.

know all about it. Emma's father is a retired captain of a naval description. He took her to the theatre, and there he

jawed about a white lace hat, with lillies of the valley sticking all overit, that was reared in front of him. Then he whipped the other woman over Em's head.

"That poor little bald-headed man, who has taken off his hair not to interfere with results age."

fere with people's comfort, who is sit-ting behind you," he said, "can't see a thing, with that infernal mass of flowers

and flitermagilders you've got stuck on

Em is afraid of pa, and she meekly took off her hat and put it in her lap. She held it all through that act, and when the curtain fell, pa said he'd go out

to "see if it was raining." Em had been on the point of sneezing a dozen times with a foreign bird's tail feathers tick-

scatching her chin, or that hat in her lap. She was glad of pa's going, and she just laid her hat, hollyhocks up, in his seat. Pa met a friend, and his stay was protracted. The curtain rose on the third act. Em was

so absorbed that she took no note of time. Pa tramped down the dark aisle,

and deposited 275 pounds, hay-scale weight, ker-chunk on Em's hat. Five big pins that she had herself put in to direct the position of the foreign bird's tail feathers did their full work. A deck

word—a regular stiff-breeze, water-logged word—came out of the old man, while Em gave a shrick that stopped the action

of the play for one-quarter of a minute. Em said to me, when she showed me that hat, "Now, what is it? My new \$20

hat or a dew-drop lamp mat?"
"Do drop the subject, Em, and tell her

about the new gems you bought to-day,'

Miss Minnie Murray, daughter of a

wealthy brewer, celebrated her seven-teenth birthday this week, and Million-aire Mackay's wife sent her a set of

carved coral from one of the most fash-ionable jewelers of Paris. Patti made some charming good-bye gifts before she left New York. One was a coral bar pun, studded with five pink diamonds, and

with earrings to match. Lady Stafford went to the theatre one night in full dress, and her ornaments were a neck-

lace of Naples coral cut in square blocks with a diamond set in each block. Mrs. Langtry carries a parasol of white silk, over which lace is gathered from the center to the outer edge, and the handle is an immense stick of finely cut coral. So

coral is in fashion. The great drawback to its popularity is the eleverness with which it is counterfeited. Patti went to

"I suppose you expected to see me in my Russian necklace," said she to her hostess, "but my dear, I would not wear

hostess, "but my dear, I would not wear
my stage paste to your dinner, though no
one should discover them, and I will tell
you a secret. I have not a got a valuable
gem in this country, only the imitation
duplicates of the really fine stones I possess. It got to be such above living with
police in my carriage, at my dressing
room door, in the wings, escorting me
very closely every step I took. I found
a remedy in paste. These comparatively
valueless articles, representing a million

valueless articles, representing a million dollars, lie in a satchel on a lounge in my chamber at the hotel. That bag gives me no uneasiness. If the real stones were out of a yault, double locked and

guarded I should be on thorns of appre-

iension.'' Madame Janauschek is disabled for the

with an occasional bit of paper wrapped

around some particular gem, into the old unpainted box that has a wooden handle

times careless, and once in a western

room, and a vigorous search was set up. The railroad officials soon learned that a

The railroad officials soon learned that a fortune in precious stones were gone, and excitement was intense. The police arrived. Janauschek nervously gave a slender list of the principal gems. She was prostrated with alarm. There were the Nieholas eardrops worth \$5,000, Anna of Austra's cross \$2,000, the set of diamonds given by the European Napoleon III valued at \$4,000, the presents of the Rothschild family alone reach \$5,000, and an Indian prince in the long ago, when Janauschek was young and charm-

and an Indian prince in the long ago, when Janauschek was young and charming, had told his love in language which both understood. His conversation mounted up fearfully. The anecdote of his affection related in gems was worth more than \$4,000.

The railway men tell over the police in their excitement—but no box. The telegraph was worked for all it was worth. A man in a linen duster, who sat near them, had departed for some interior point. They wired to catch him. Everything was at fever heat, when Dennis, a sort of under porter, whose duty was to keep the waiting room tidy, arrived from

keep the waiting room tidy, arrived from

"F'hat was all this commoshin about?"

he asked.

"Fifty thousand dollars worth of diamonds has been lost?"

"An'na who lost 'em;"

"The old lady beyant."

"Go hang yersilf—she hasn't the price of a tin cent breastpin," said he con-

Just here a reporter took down a min-

ute description of the exterior of the

jewel casket—'rough, unpainted wood, very much battered and begrimmed, with a wooden handle on top."

"It must have looked very much like a bootblack's box," said he.
"Horoo," shouted Dennis, "I believe I have the thing. I caught it beyant on the sittee, an' thinks I, that's Lame Pat's kit—bad 'cess to him, leaving his old box in dacint sates."

"And what have you done with it?" yelled a dozen.

He was fairly thrown at the closet, and he calmly unloaded the box on end in a corner, under some mops and brooms in company with a few pails. Januaschek was delighted. She called her maid to give the man a \$20 bill.

"Give me a sight of a thousand dol-ars worth of diamonds is all I ask,"

"I have it in me broom closet waiting to lather the spalpeen when he came

his supper.

in dacint sates."

So the hat was not a total loss.

Experience shows that strikes become ess frequent as the several craft organzations become perfected. Power and responsibility in trades unions as in nations leads to well considered action, not only on the part of the members of the

unions, but of the employers as well. The opposition to natural law of organ: ized effort by the employing class is responsible for the most bitter and prolonged contests. The Worcester county lockout is but one of the many examples

Another primary cause of these indus-trial wars is to be found in the ignorance of employers of the fundamental law of social and economic development. The men who have advanned from the bench to proprietorship, within the past fifty years forget the industrial, financial and social revolutions that have occurred within that time, and they fail to comprehend that civilization tends in its upward tread to broader and deeper social aspirations.

Slave, serf and hind have been evolved out of existence in the most highly civil-ized communities, and the time will come when "hands," will disappear by the same process.

The manufacturers cannot succeed with the same tools and systems that were in use and in vogue half a century ago. The individualism of small shops and hand-work has given place to the socialism of aggregated labor, and the employers can no more force wage-workers to give up the spirit of organiza-tion than ignorant laborers can force employers back to old-time methods of

The common denunciation of monopoly, as far as it applies to the better and cheaper serving of the public, is bosh; but its application to the spirit of oppressive individualism of monopoly, is in keeping with the social development of the age

The wonderful success of last year in securing higher wages and less hours has led employers into a futile attempt to destroy the organization of wageworkers. They claim that they are emancipating their employes from the despotism of labor societies, while in fact they are ignorantly inviting mob law. They should understand that a mob knows no arbitration. The Knights of Labor and all trades unions are democratic governments, in which the majority rule, under constitutional provisions. Their laws are so made as to restrain the reckless and

compel deliberative action.

The fact that many strikes have been precipitated by Knights of Labor within the past eighteen months is due to the same class of causes that have led to the mobs and crimes of our great cities, namely, an artificial increase in membership of the former and population of the latter. Nine thousand men landing in Castle Garden in one day and 10,000 men joining the Knights of Labor within the same period of time is an unnatural in-

The demand of the time is for men, methods and measures. The labor move-ment has developed men worthy of leader-ship, who have been untiring, persistent and successful in moving the masses to higher economic and social conditions. These men can be numbered by hundreds, while the manufacturing class has not developed in this country one who is entitled to the name of a leader in social and economic reforms.

There are quite a number of manufac-

Madame Janauschek is disabled for the stage by a broken hip, poor old lady, and so there can be no suspicion of advertising in a story of her precious stones. She keeps them in the commonest kind of a rough wood box. Langtry has an iron casket, covered with gold plush, in which she totes around her trophies. Bernhardt has a series of leather cases. Davenport has a steel-lined receptacle. But Janauschek dumps hers all together, with an occasional bit of paper wrapped turers who are the St. Clares of the wage system. There are a few who accept some advanced solid or economic theory, on top. This is always carried by a dragon of a maid, but dragons are somebut none who are willing to sacrifice posi-tion, wealth or comfort for the public good. times careless, and once in a western barn of a station waiting for a train, Janauschek strayed out for a paper and the maid wandered off for something else, and when they met in the ladies' room both stared aghast, for neither had the precious box, and each had supposed the other was taking care of it. The maid explained in voluble German that it had been left on the settee in that waiting room, and a vigorous search was set up

The fierce competition in all classes of capitalistic enterprise is developing despots of trade, commerce and industry. The monstrous monopolies of our day are due more to the genius of a single man than to the combined wisdom of the stock owners. It is a mistake to think that intelligent labor men are opposed to wealth or men of wealth and culture. Their opposition is to the uses of wealth and the abuses of wealthy men. We ask them not to distribute their wealth, but to distribute the power that their wealth gives in the direction of a peaceful solution of the labor problem.

Edward Atkinson, in a speech to the organized laborers of Boston, in a flip-

pant way said he would like to organize the "scabs." He could do no grander work. The organization of this class would first make them auxiliaries, and finally members of their craft unions. Ira Stewart once said, "Machinery is dis-charging laborers faster than new employments are provided. Machinery cannot be stopped and tramps must not be increased." Will Mr. Atkinson show us some method by which the machinery discharged man can be provided with

discharged man can be provided with equally remunerative labor?

My friend who, some years ago, was earning from \$6 to \$8 per day in his skilled mechanical occupation, finds his work done to-day by a machine and attended by a dollar a day workingman. His skill and training of fifteen years, seven or eight years of which might be properly called apprenticeship, is so much lost capital. The slasher does the work of six men, but who provides work for the five men discharged? It is no use to rail at the machinery, or find no use to rail at the machinery, or find fault with the perfected system by which we buy our cloth at six or seven cents per yard, but you can't console the discharged workman with diagrams or statistics that prove that the margin of profits is being diminished. As a labor reformer, he is, doubtless, pleased that Mr. Atkinson has become convinced of a fact enunciated by the Boston Eight-Hour League

eighteen years aro. If the shoemakers of Worcester county are compelled to leave the Knights of Labor it will be but for a short time. The Crispin organization was destroyed, but the Lasters' Protective union still lives, If the Knights of Labor were driven to the wall as an organization, a more pow-erful organization would soon take its place. But the Worcester county manufacturers have found to their cost that the Knights die hard, and for one I shall not believe that organization is dead until it is buried, and I shall then watch at its grave for a glorious resurrection.

George E. McNeill.

The drum-major of West Point is a symphony in color. Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these. His simplest ornament is the 19 rows of buttons trimming his coat-tail. The rest of him is laced, frogged, zoned, embroidered and mottled with gold; he has four giant plumes nodding on high, and four yards of filagree blazing on his legs; his coat is a tangle of glitter, his arms are A Symphony.

paragons of burnish and sheen, his belt is as the stars of frostland, and the tower-ing head of him is furred and starred and spangled to the blinding of the sons of

CONVICT NO. 197

Victim of Finnish Superstition and Russian Cruelty.

New York Mercury: There has been employed in a bonded warehouse on the west side of the city for the last four years a big-framed, honest-faced, quiet, good-natured fellow by the name of Andrew Kiril. He resigned his position lately because of news he had received from Minnesota of the death of his brother out there, who leaves a wife and one child, a daughter nearly approaching womanhood. Andrew Kiril is a Russian, or rather Finn, by birth, and his life exor rather Finn, by birth, and his life experiences, as narrated by himself, are pe-culiarly strange and romantic.

He is a twin brother and was born about forty-two years ago near the city of Helsingfors. His father's name was Kirilvitz, and he was a boatman and fisherman by occupation. The twins were named respectively Ignace and Andre, the former claiming and possessing whatever privilege belonged to priority of birth.

some slight education and early in their teens were sent by their sire to sea to serve their apprenticeship as sailors. They took naturally to the sea and became expert and reliable men before the mast before they were nineteen years of age. The twins neither drank nor smoked tobacco. They were very taci-turn and superstitious. Spitting played a great part in their daily life aboard ship. They would spit as a sign of as-tonishment; they would spit as a sign of defience; they would spit as a sign of defience; they would spit for a fine day, and they would spit against bad weather. They both had a great dread of the "cvil eye," and attributed all their ailments or misfortunes to it. They were not singular in these respects. Many of their countrymen possess THE SAME PECULIAR BELIEF.

About the period when they attained their majority, they were sailing under a captain named Malvintzew. The vessel he commanded was a full-rigged ship, with better cabin accommodations than is usual in Russian ships of the class. Captain Malvintzew took his daughter with him one voyage for the purpose of letting her see London. The twin broth-ers Kirilvitz, at all events, fell violently in love with her. Being steady and nice looking and neatly dressed, the twins received the approving glances of Sophia. The twins made confidents of each other in the matter of their love, and they mutually agreed that each would try to win Sophia Malvintzew, and f either succeeded the other would bear his disappointment unmurmuringly as best he might. When Sophia was at home she lived at Helsingfors, and when the brothers were in port they had op-portunities of seeing her, for her father thought a great ideal of both brothers, and they were under a standing invita-tion to visit his home.

The lily maid of Helsingfors smiled sweetly on both young men, but manifested in some unmistakable way a preference for the eider, Ignace. When Andre became convinced that this was so he said to Ignace that he had engaged to sail on the said to Ignace that he had engaged to sail on another ship, and for the first time in their lives the twins were separated. Sophia was in fove; but she knew that her father would hardly approve of her marrying an ordinary seaman. It therefore became necessary for the lovers to plight their vows in secret, and a sort of private marriage took place in Helsingfors, which both parties kept secret as the grave. Just about this time a former student of Helsingfors university named grave. Just about this time a former student of Helsingfors university named Dmitrievna returned from Paris, where he had been walking the hospitals and perfecting himself in operative surgery. He was a nice little tellow, very short-sighted and wearing glasses. Dr. Dmitrievna had known Sophia Malvintzer since childhood and Sophia Malvintzew since childhood, and when he came back from France and prepared to settle down to the practice of his profession in Helsingfors he seemed to have discovered that he liked Sophia and that she would make an excellent doctor's wife. Captain Malvintzew and

his wife were of the same mind as respected the young physician.

There had been quite a number of smallpox cases in Helsingfors, and Dr. Dmitrievna was a disciple of Jenner as respects vaccination. He lectured Sophia and her mother on the subject and urged. and her mother on the subject, and urged and her mother on the subject and urged the sovereign necessity of having the young lady vaccinated. As the virus began to manifest itself by inflammation Ignace was sailing homeward down the Gulf of Finland. Before long the hus-band and wife had a secret meeting, and the long-suffering little woman told tear-fully of her trials, of her mother's ur-gency, and last of all the vaccination. When she mentioned vaccination and Ignace looked at her poor swollen arms, his countenance changed. She had never seen him look like that before. Vaccination, he told her in gasping un-dertones, was the seal of anti-Christ or Beelzebub, whereby the victims are to be known on the day of judgment. He was very silent and thoughtful after that, and he took his leave, not saying much, but spitting a great deal and shaking his

TWO DAYS AFTER DR. DMITRIEVNA was found senseless and bleeding pro-fusely in a forest road a few miles from Helsingfors. He had been called to at-tend a peasant woman, and it was presumed at first that he had been assaulted by footpads on his return. Inquiry by the police evolved the fact that there was no peasant woman sick at the village where he had been summoned; that he had not been there, but had been as-saulted but not robbed on his way thither on horseback. The doctor could tell nothing about his assailant because his spectacles had blown off, but he knew that his Tartar mare had kicked the man and knocked him over. It was this kick of the Tartar mare that identified Ignace, the sailor, as the doctor's assailant, and when finally Sophia was forced by stern judicial means to tell her story the young man was condemned to be sent to Siberia for ten years.

The proposed Alabama State university for the higher education of the negro will probably be located at Montgomery. Says the Advertiser of that city: 'The colored people of Montgomery have shown a more than commendable disposition to help themselves. They have raised a subscription of \$8,000. In proportion to their means, this is more liberal than the whites would be under similar circumstances."

The Fellows appointed for the year 1887. FOUR OR FIVE MONTHS AFTER Ignace was sent to the Siberian mines Andre arrived home from a voyage, and, under similar circumstances."

The Fellows appointed for the year 1887'88, of the John Hopkins University, are:
Edgar Pierce Alien of Shanghai, China, Semitic languages; Philip Wheelock Ayres of
Villa Ridge, Ill., history and politics; William
Snyder Eichelberger of Woodberry, mathematics; Henry Rushton Fairclough of Hamilton, Canada, Greek; William Curns Lawrence
Gorton of Baltimore, mathematics; Joseph
Hoelng Kastle of Lexington, Ky., chemistry;
Felix Lengfeld of San Francisco, Cal., chemistry; Archibald MacMechan of Port Porry,
Canada, German; Herbert William Magown
of Bath, Me., Sanskrit; Franklin Paine Mall
of Beil Plaine, Ia., pathology; Thomas Mc
Cabe of New York City, Romance languages;
John Leverett Moore of Orange, N. J., Latin,
Augustus Taber Murray of New Bedford,
Mass., Greek; George Thomas White Patrick
of Lyons, Ia., philosopoy; Edmund Clark
Sanford of Oakland, Cal., psychology; Chas,
Lee Smith of Raleigh, N. C., history; Arthur
Clarence Wightman of Marion, S. C., biology;
Henry Van Peters Wilson of Baltimore, biology. as usual, called to see Sophia. It was from her that he first learned the true history of his brother's crime and sen-tence. He furthermore learned that she was his brother's lawful wife, and that in the process of time she would become a mother—a dreadful situation for her to contemplate under the circumstances. Andre did a greatdeal of spitting, and looked very sad and heart-broken, but said little. He went to sea another voyage—to the Mediterranean—and kept spitting the whole voyage. When he returned to Helsingfors he went as usual to see Sophia, and found that her secret was discovered. Her mother had detected her condition, and a distressing unique. discovered: Her mother had detected her condition, and a distressing unburdening of secrets ensued. There was other news for Andre. Tidings had reached Helsinfors that in trying to escape, convict 197 had been shot dead. According to the official records, Ignace was numbered 197. He took the news to Sophia; said that perhaps it was just as well that his brother had been shot dead, under the circumstances of the attempted escape. He was at peace now, whereas Eddie Race, a five-year-old youngster, of Glen's Falls, is the best drummer boy for miles around. He performs the most diffi-cult beats without a flaw and never seems to escape. He was at peace now, whereas if he had been captured alive slavery in the quicksilver mines would have been his lot for life. This settled, Andre beget tired, although the drum he carries is nearly as big as his body. Eddie has never had any tuition, but gets the beats right by instinct.

GREAT REDUCTIONS

New York & Omaha Clothing Co

We desire to call special attention to our great reduction on Summer Suits which we can pr ise are, at their present prices, the cheapest goods in the market. Our 86, 88, 810 and \$12 suits. we now sell for \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7. Also a splendid line of all wool Cassimere and Worsted Sults that were selling for \$13.50, \$15, \$18 and \$20, are now selling at \$10, \$13.50 and \$15. Our line of summer Coats and Vests has been replenished, and now we can again show the largest assortment of these goods, in Flannel, Serge, Seersucker, and all manner of Summer Goods and putterns. Have you seen our 75c Underwear! If not, come and see the same quality of goods you have been paying \$1.25 and \$1.50 for. In the Childrens' and Boys' department we have had the knife at work, and now we show our enormons line at extremely low prices. Think! A good suit for \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2. Our entire line of \$6 and \$7.50 suits have been reduced to \$4 and \$4.50. Straw Hats at 40c, 50c and 75c. Grey Stiff Hats at \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50, and for other styles just look at our hat show in the window and you will see the cheapest line you have ever had the good fortune to look upon.

Do not forget that each purchaser of goods to the amount of \$2,50 will receive a ticket on the

THE NEW YORK & OMAHA CLOTHING CO

1308 FARNAM STREET.

and he would go out to Minnesota and farm, making hemp one of his principal crops. The young widow liked Andre and liked his project. Her parents were and fixed his project. Her parents were willing and readily gave their consent. As they expressed it, it was making the best of a bad bargain. So Andre and Sophia were married, and arrived in America in the year 1871, going out west, as he proposed. The little baby was born the same year and graw in it he belief 1213 Farnam Street.

the same year, and grew up in the belief that Andrew Kiril, as he now called him-FURNITURE, self, was her father. She was named Anna Kiril, and was only taught the English language. The Kirils had no more children, and they had a comfortable and moderately happy home. But Sophia never forgot Ignace and often talked about him, wondering whether he was dead after all. "Perhaps," she would say to her husband, "there was a mistake

CARPETS,

in the number. Ignace was not the sort of fellow to try by desperation to escape."

And so the years went along monoton-

THE PREMONITIONS OF SOPHIA.

had their foundation in truth. It was not Ignace who tried to escape, nor was

197 his number. It is by no means un-common, it is said, in the despotic ad-ministration of Russia for friends of con-

victs condemned to the Siberian mines for Nihilism and other crimes to be given

wrong numbers. It had been so in the case of Ignace Kirilvitz. When his term of penal servitude expired, about 1899, he

came back to Helsingfors, not much the worse for his experiences. He had been

docile, and had won some consideration

from his cruel masters. From the Mal-vintzew family he learned all about Sophia, the news of his own death, her

second marriage to Andre, and the pros-perity of the little family in the United States. He started for Minnesota, and in the course of time arrived at the Kiril

cottage door, finding his daughter sitting

outside, for it was morning and July. There were tears in his eyes, but no voice in his throat. He stood at the open door

and looked, and Sophia herself saw him

and flew into his arms with a wild de

spairing cry. Andrew was working in the field unconscious of the dark cloud that had risen on his life. But Anna ran

and told him that her mother had fainted in the arms of a strange man that looked

as if he might be her uncle, and Andrew laid down his hoe and turned pale as a ghost, walking with difficulty toward the

house and spitting at intervals.

THE TWINS RECEIVED EACH OTHER

with cold, calm, red-eyed kindness. They bad no welcome to give, no reproaches to utter, no hopes to voice. Sophia was the wife of Ignace—that was all; and Anna, as she now knew for the first time.

was the daughter of Ignace. So Andrew said: "I think I will go back to New

York and take a voyage somewhere," and after a quiet kiss and many tears Sophia bade him good-bye, and Ignace

traveled with him till the railroad station was reached, and there the twins saw

each other in the flesh for the last time.

A few weeks ago Andrew, who did not go to sea, but who has been for all these

years working as a porter, heard from Minnesota that his brother was dead for

for the news came from Sophia herself, So he has gone back to the west to take

the place vacated by him five years since, when his brother, who was dead, turned

EDUCATIONAL.

The new University of Upsala, in Sweden, has a building that cost about \$1,250,000.

The Prussian minister of education refuses to admit women to the universities or med-

Of the Harverd students who want to work this summer most of them want to teach, several want manual or farm work, two want places as deck hands on steamers, sev-eral want to be hotel clerks or salesmen, two

want to be horse car drivers or ticket takers, one wants a place in a box-factory, while several want "anything but canvassing."

INFANT PRODICIES.

Lillie Stuch, the fourteen-year-old daugh-ter of the state librairian of Pennsylvania, recently composed a cradle song so difficult that her music teacher advised her to modify it. She said that she had made it difficult so that she might send it to Patti, who would be able to sing it. This she did, and it was

up alive again.

through the window and ran

ously enough.

STOVES

House Furnishing Goods.

PEOPLES' INSTALLMENT HOUSE

The most liberal credit house in Omaha, carry a large and well selected stock of Bed Room, Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture, which they sell on easy weekly or monthly payments, at eash prices.

Peoples' Installment House, 613 N. 16th St., Belween Callfornia and Webster.

ROSENTHAL & CO., Proprietors.

No connection with any other house in the city. Credit to everybody without security. Open evenings until 10 o'clock.

RILEY & McMAHON, Real Estate and Loan Brokers,

310 South Fifteent's Street.

We want several houses from \$2,500 to \$6,000. ing such for sale will do well by listing with us-

A. T. KENYON. H. M. JONES.

S. M. JONES

Those hav-

A. T. KENYON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

Booksellers and Stationers

1522 Douglas St., OMAHA, - -NEBRASKA.

Telephone 501. Correspondence Solicited.

snng by the diva with great success in the west.

A little negro lad about seven years lold, living near Uniontown, Ga., is said to possess a wonderful talent for sculpture. He can take a lump of mud from the roadside and with his bands form any aniunal he ever saw, the proportions being perfect. He recently made out of clay a life-size statue of a dog that astomshed everybody who saw it because of its extraordinary fidelity to life.

Miss Fannia Block of Jackson Miss [6] Miss Fannie Block, of Jackson, Miss., Is said by the State Ledger to be one of the most precoclous children in the state. Though only nine years old she reads, writes and speaks English, German and French fluently and reads Hebrew with ease. She is now beginning to master Greek. It took her only two months to learn German, and she acquired the other languages with equal readiness.

readiness.

Paul Williams, the twelve-year-old son of G. B. Williams, of Mendon, Mass., has neither arms nor legs-only stumps two inches long from his shoulders and similar stumps eight inches in length, in place of legs. Yet he is an accomplished penman and a very good artist. He holds the pen or brush between his chin and one shoulder stump and moves it with his head. Besides all this, he is a pupil of high standing in the Mendon high school.

IMPIETIES.

A clergyman is speaking against the re-es-tablishment of the death penalty. He says he does not want his congregation thinned

Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Griffiths of Kent, Conn., prayed long and fervently for rain. The following Thursday rain came and with it lightning. A bolt struck the church and damaged it to the extent of \$100.

The Chattanooga Times reports Sam Jones as saying: "But I see these nasty, st inking newspapers are talking about me bec ause I offered to pay somebody's fine if they would knock a fool's teeth down his throat. I said that in the opera house. You know I would not make such a remark in church. I don't care what the newspapers say. When they assail me I feel like a poodle dog had jumped

up in my lap and soiled my clothes. I just brush the dirt off and go on."

There is an undertaker's clerk in Atlants, Ga., who has a queer idea of fun. It has been his custom to dress himself in a shroud, He down in an empty coffin, and then have confederate get some unsuspecting citizens to come and help move him out. And then as the coffin was being solemnly carried out, he would jump out of the coffin, yell like a Comanche Indian, and laugh with delight at the terror of the carriers. But the other day some victims who didn't see where the funcame in had him arrested and he was fined.

One Safe Theatre. St. James's Gazette: People who want to enjoy a play in peace of mind will bave to go to Belgium. The new Flemish theatre in Brussels promises, when completed, to afford every guarantee of safety which the most timed playgoer may desire. The materials employed in its construction are stone and iron; and, though it will be impossible to dispense with woodwork alltogether on the stage, all the timber will first be rendered absolutely incombinatible. Two broad flights of stairs, one at each side of the main entrance, lead to the grand circle and the foyer, which are on the first floor. The three upper tiers have each its own independent stairway opening directly on the street. The building is provided with twelve different outlets: nine for the egress of the spectators and three for that of the personnel. But the most original feature in the construction is the system of external balconies or outer galleries, corresponding to those in the interior of the building, with which they communicate by no fewer than a hundred different doors—twenty-five to each tier. These balconies are further connected with each other by iron stairs of good width and easy descent, and the lowest of the four is capacious enough to give stand theatre in Brussels promises, when com

width and easy descent, and the lowest of the four is capacious enough to give stand ing room to the entire audience.